BROKEN-PIPKIN:

A TALE,

Dedicated to the CITTS.

1. March. 170⅘

AS Story goes, some Sage *Whitaker*
(Remarkable for great Pains-takers)
Who'd chang'd for *Furrs* their Leather
(Breeches,
And damn'd their Souls to purchase Riches;
Once laid their horned Heads together,
(As close as Swine in Stormy Weather)
Consulting how they might dispose
Of several Summs, and nothing loose;
They fear'd to truft the Government,
Besides their Conscience was content
With nothing under *Cent per Cent.*
Each did a several Way propose,
But none without a chance to loose,
Till 't last a Reverend Elder rose,
The *Eldeſt* of the lofty Herd,
(As by his branching *Croſt* appear'd)
First stroak'd his Chin, then thus began
The Wise Assembly to Harangue:
Brethren and Fellow Citizens,
Ea! one begins where t'other ends,
Tet not a whit the former mends.
Therefore, leaſt Time ſhou'd us beguile,
Pray lend Your Ears to wt a while:
I lately read about a Stone
(To very few in this Age known)
Whoſe Pow'r is ſuch 'twill turn and mould
What'ere it touches into Gold.
This Stone *the K. of* France *has got,*
Or elſe long ſince he'd gone to Pot,
But now he's purchas'd this he can't
Great Summs of Gold and Silver want.
How to get this, here's a Receipt,
Hand it about, let each Man ſee't,
It does th' Infallible Means contain
How we may this vaſt Treaſure gain,
Which with large Quantities will bleſs us,
And make each Man as rich as Craſus,
So we need run no riſque to looſe
Our Coyn, by putting it to Uſe.

Each setts his Eyes astride his Nose,
And joyfully the Paper Views;
At length they all with joynt Consent
(First making him a Compliment)
To his Proposal do agree,
And beg he'd their Dir. for be
In this grand Piece of *Chymiſtry.*

Further, that he'd make no delay
But instantly begin away.
To which the Bard bowing reply'd
Their Worſhip's *ſhou'd not be deny'd.*

Therefore in haste nor *Worms*, nor *Stills*,
Alimbecks, *Glaſſes*, *Crucibles*,
Nor any Brass or Silver *Pot*,
But a poor *Worthee Pipkin* got,
Resolv'd (tho' what th' allow'd was large)
He won't not put them to much charge.
This *Pipkin*, he'ng plac'd on the ground,
They fill'd with 70000 pound:
Not doubting but when th' *Stone* was come
Each shou'd receive 'bove twice the Summ.

For many Days and Nights they watch'd,
All hoping for a mighty catch:
Till they were all so weary grown,
That with consent they laid them down,
To take a Nap upon the Ground
One Slept deep, another dozes,
While others loudly Snor'd their Noses.
At length up an *Old Miſer* sprung
(whom Fear wou'd not let Sleep too long)
And casting's Eyes about, he found
The *Pipkin* broke, upon the Ground,
But all the *Gold-finches* were Flown:
With hideous Crys he rais'd the reſt,
Who cou'd not well his meaning gueſs,
But, Oh! too soon the Cause they found.
Which presently encreas'd the sound;
But Fruitleſs were their Crys and vain,
For none cou'd bring their Gold again;
Indeed some small Remains of Oar
They found lie scatt'ring on the Floor,
But th' matter was so small they got,
That 'tis much fear'd 'twill be their lot,
To go, as *Pipkin's* gone, to Pot
Tho' some will tell us they've made Friends,
And that the Parliament intends
To have't Enacted,
That if the broken Pipkin *they can find,*
It shall be hang'd at *Tyburn* for a Sign.

FINIS.

LONDON,
Printed, and Sold by *Ben. Bragge*, at the *Blew-Ball* in *Ave-Mary-Lane*. MDCCV.

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